

## THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

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## THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

JOHN McELROY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL,  
BYRON ANDREWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 16, 1897.

853 is the number of this issue

of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. Every subscriber should compare this with the number on the yellow address slip containing his name. If that number is 854, he has only one paper more coming to him. If 855, he will have two, and so on. He will do us a favor by watching these closely, so as to know when his subscription expires, that he may renew in time, and it will be to his interest, for there are so many valuable serials now running through the paper that he will feel he cannot afford to miss a number.

We ask everyone, therefore, to look at once at the address slip on his paper, and see how near it comes to 853.

The Argentinians have been reduced to the last depths of misery by a visitation of locusts much worse than this country has ever known. Railroad traffic was lately suspended outside Buenos Ayres, on account of the wheels slipping around on the masses of insects on the rails. Over large sections of the country the insects have eaten up every green thing, and the inhabitants are on the point of starvation. The only hope that the scientists give is that the scourge has never been known to last longer than seven years, and that they have already had five of it. The Government is offering rewards for the collection and destruction of locusts' eggs, and more than 1,000 tons have already been gathered up.

SENATOR GALLINGER made a complaint last week of the number and character of the private pension bills. There are now 2,635 of these awaiting consideration. Everybody feels that there is entirely too much private pension legislation, but the excess has been brought about by the cruelly unjust practices of the Pension Bureau. Unable to get their rights before that Bureau, claimants have been forced to seek relief from Congress. The remedy lies in the hands of Congress. Let it pass general laws of sufficiently liberal character and then compel the Pension Commissioner to carry out those laws according to their letter and spirit. Then stop private pension bills altogether.

The conditions in Austro-Hungary are steadily growing worse. All that stands between the Empire and dismemberment is affection and respect for the kindly old Emperor, who is also King of Hungary, King of Bohemia, and hereditary ruler of some of the other of his strangely assorted dominions. He is now in his 68th year, and has been on the throne since 1848. Francis Kosuth, the leader of the party advocating still more independence for Hungary, has put out an astonishing declaration:

"We want," he said, "a separate army and separate finances. The King of Hungary would be Emperor of Austria as a sort of supplementary occupation. Vienna is already a suburb of Budapest, and in time Austria will become a conglomeration of provinces attached to Hungary."

This means that Hungary will only remain in the Empire as its head, a thing that the Germans and Slavs will not dream of submitting to. Were it not for the large property interests the Germans have in Bohemia and elsewhere, they would make haste to withdraw from the Empire and join with their brethren of the German Empire.

## PENSIONS UNDER FIRE.

The past week was notable for the general assault on the pension system all along the line—in Congress and in the public journals of the country. In all the rack of speeches and ponderous editorials, absolutely nothing new was brought out, but the old cries were sounded anew, just as if their falsity had not been shown so often that the repetition has become tiresome.

First, there was the clamor about the size of the pension roll. Gen. H. V. Boynton led off in this with an article in the New York Sun on the "Pension Octopus," which has been copied from one end of the land to the other. The gist of his article is that the pension expenditures now are nearly half of the National disbursements. This is not a startling statement, except to those who want to be startled. For many years the payment of interest to the bondholders was very nearly half of the total expenditures of the Government. In 1867 we paid them in interest and premiums \$154,594,940, where the total expenditure for all other purposes was but \$202,947,733. In other words, out of every \$35 which the Government paid out that year the bondholders received \$15. In 1870 we paid them \$15,996,555 in premiums, and \$129,235,498 in interest, or \$145,232,053, where all the other expenditures combined were but \$164,421,507. That is, of every \$30.80 paid out the bondholders got \$14.40, and other people but \$16.40. All through the doleful years following the panic of 1873, when the Government was retrenching in every direction, the bondholders were getting over \$100,000,000 a year in gold for interest alone. This was paid in gold, too, even at times when the greenback dollar was as low as 37.8 cents.

At the very most the bondholders lent the Government \$2,381,530,294. This was lent in greenbacks, which had an average value during the four years that the Government was borrowing heavily of 66.66 cents. Therefore, the real value of the money the bondholders lent was but \$1,587,686,863. But though the bondholders lent paper dollars worth from 37 cents upward, they received, when the principal was paid, gold dollars worth 100 cents. Better still, their interest was paid all the time in gold, though a gold dollar was at times worth \$2.85 in greenbacks. To put the matter in another way: A man would lend the Government \$100 in greenbacks worth only \$37.80 in gold. He would get \$6 a year interest in gold, worth \$17.10 in greenbacks. That is, he got over 17 per cent. interest on his loan. It is impossible to follow all the intricacies of Treasury book-keeping and give the exact figures of the amount which the bondholders have been repaid for that loan of the gold value of \$1,587,686,863, but it can be roundly stated that they have received over FIVE BILLION DOLLARS in principal, interest and premiums, and still have \$585,034,260 of bonds, worth to-day—Dec. 13—\$112,500, or \$658,163,542. That is, they have been paid back fully \$4 for every dollar that they lent the Government. On the other hand, the men who volunteered in the Union army really gave the Government in sacrificed wages and business opportunities more money than the bondholders lent it. They have received in the shape of pensions about \$2,000,000,000, or one-third what has been paid and is owing to the vastly more fortunate bondholders. They had a contract with the Government no less definite and binding than that with the bondholders. It was even more so, for on the soldier's side he incurred the penalty of being shot to death if he failed to live up to all of its provisions. Yet the bondholders were given an inexpressible preference over the soldiers in the settlement of the Nation's obligations to them. The Nation's sinews were strained to the utmost tension to pay off the last cent that the most liberal interpretation of their contracts would give them. They were hunted up and pressed to take their money. Death did not operate to the least injury of their claims.

On the other hand, the volunteers have had to go through the most protracted and harassing litigation this country has ever known, in order to get a moiety of their just claims. Every obstacle has been thrown in their way, every pretext employed to defeat them. Whenever a veteran has died without

his claim being allowed it has been regarded as a gain to the Treasury.

No honest, patriotic man ever raised the objection against the bondholders of the proportion the money paid them bore to the total expenditures of the Government. The only question was what was due them under an honorable interpretation of their contracts. When this was ascertained then there remained nothing but to pay them in full and as quickly as possible, no matter what the amount might be.

This is all that we or any friend of the veteran have claimed for him. We have urged that he be treated precisely as the bondholder was. Certain laws have been passed recognizing and carefully defining what are the Nation's obligations to him. Now all that remains is to give him the full and fair benefit of those laws. The amount of money required to do so is not germane to the question. As with the bondholders, the indebtedness is everything.

Gen. Boynton says, and this portion of his article has been widely quoted:

"If the pension lists could be printed, every community in the land would be disgusted with its revelations. Wealthy men in large numbers would be found upon it. Thousands would be revealed whose disabilities were only temporary, and so long since disappeared. A small army of men would be discovered to whom their pensions are in no sense a necessity. While this state of facts would appear, it should not be forgotten that there are men in good circumstances, and many in public positions of honor and emolument, whose disabilities and persistent wounds are of a character for which no pension which the law provides can even approximately compensate. At every step they have found themselves handicapped in the battle of life. For such, and indeed for all of every rank and position, through the various grades of disabilities, a pension is not only as fully proportioned to the needs and deserts of the case as the Government can afford, but it is also a badge of honor. To those who are not thus incapacitated for full effort in the struggle of life, and who do not need it because of the comfortable life which they can command without it, a pension should be a badge of shame."

This is very old and musty straw, which has been thrashed over every year for many years. It is based upon the wholly groundless assumption that there is something about the pension system which somebody wants to conceal. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Everyone who has the slightest right to speak for the pensioners has constantly courted—challenged even—the fullest and freest investigation. Nobody cares how many lists of pensioners are printed, nor how much publicity is given them. The more the better. The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic has frequently invited the fullest investigation. Subordinate soldier organizations have done the same. THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has perennially challenged the opponents of the pension system to any form of fair investigation that they could suggest. It has dared the papers who were making wild charges against the pensioners to go to the Pension Agencies in their cities and take the pensioners as they came and give the fullest information concerning them. Not a paper has ever accepted its challenge. In the same papers in which editorials would appear filled with calumnies on the pensioners there would be reportorial items telling of old soldiers who served their country honorably and long, who had received disabling wounds in her defense, dying in abject poverty, suffering untold miseries because of the unconscionable delays of the Pension Bureau in adjudicating their claims, cutting their throats and hanging themselves because the Government had abandoned them in their hours of direst need.

The late Mr. Cleveland thrashed this straw most vehemently. He came into office with a loud fanfare about "thousands of neighborhoods having their well-known pension frauds." He turned the whole power of the Government to the work of exposing these and making his words good. He got hundreds of thousands of dollars from Congress to make investigations. Everybody was pressed in to help—the Department of Justice, the Postmasters, and all who could contribute in any way. The result was the most stupendous failure in the history of the Government. Never was any body of men so thoroughly vindicated as the pensioners. In no Department of the Government's expenditures is there so little of fraud, so little dishonesty as in the pension disbursements.

The following excerpt from the report of the Law Division of the Pension Bureau for 1896 is full of meaning. It was made after all of Mr. Cleveland's prodigious efforts were in full operation, and bearing fruit:

The sum of \$20,982 has been refunded to

the United States, of which \$10,736.37 was recovered by eight civil suits.

During the fiscal year there have been:

Recommendations for prosecution . . . 242  
Arrests of persons . . . 82  
Indictments found . . . 339  
Convictions had . . . 167  
Sentences imposed . . . 160  
Acquittals . . . 58  
Cases dismissed on nolle prosequi . . . 47

That is, among \$75,000 pensioners, whose pensions had been granted at various times over a period of 35 years, there had been 242 cases recommended for prosecution, in which there were 167 convictions. That is, there were less than two frauds in every 10,000 pensioners.

We can confidently challenge any other Department of the public expenditures to make so excellent a showing as this after so crucial a trial.

## CIVIL SERVICE IN CONGRESS.

Already 35 bills have been introduced into the House to modify the Civil Service system, and it is regarded as certain that some such bill is almost certain to pass. Representative Pearson, of North Carolina, who inaugurated the movement, and who is at the head of the Special Committee charged with considering the bills, says that the essential modifications of the law likely to be embodied in the bill are:

Excluding from the operations of the law cases in which one Government officer is responsible for the acts of his subordinate, as Deputy Collectors of Revenue, examination of those already covered into the classified service without examination, so as to put them on a footing with new applicants; change of examinations so as to make them more practical and less artificial; distinct provision against life tenure and for a stated term of service; affirmation of the right of heads of Departments to remove, reduce or promote in the interest of the public; a limitation of the law to specific Departments, bureaus, etc., and an exclusion of those not enumerated.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS were introduced in England in 1861. The first day 435 deposits were received. At the end of the following year there were 2,535 offices receiving deposits, with nearly \$10,000,000 on hand. In 10 years this had increased to \$95,000,000. Now one out of every seven persons in the Kingdom is a depositor, and they have to their credit in the banks over \$400,000,000, besides \$32,000,000 in Government bonds. There is an "Annuity Department" connected, by which immediate or deferred annuities can be purchased on the lives of persons over five years of age. These may be as low as \$5 a year, or as high as \$500. A woman of 24 may purchase an annuity of \$5 a year, beginning when she is 60, by paying \$1.08 a year, or \$26.22 down. A man at the same age may purchase an annuity of \$5 a year, to be paid when he reaches 54, by paying \$1.08 a year, or \$16 down. A man at 65 can buy an annuity, to begin immediately, of \$5 a year, by paying \$48.33. A woman at 70 can buy an annuity of \$5 a year, to begin at once, by paying \$43.54.

THE Philadelphia Record is one of the papers which is wailing over "the attack of the spoils-hunters on Civil Service." It laments touchingly that "at the beginning of every new Administration sweeping removals were made without regard to the merits and services of the incumbents, and with little knowledge of the efficiency and fitness of their successors." The grief of the Record comes a little late. It had no tears to shed four years ago, when Cleveland made a raid on Union veterans all over the country, and discharged and reduced by thousands those who were among the most efficient public servants the Government had. It saw, without a groan, some 80 Union veterans of the best record, both in the field and in office, discharged from the Mint in its own city to make room for spoilsmen, of whose "efficiency and fitness" it had no knowledge whatever. It was deaf to the appeals of the comrades of the discharged men for justice, and like the rest of its kind applauded President McKinley's remarkable order confirming the spoilsmen in the places of which they had defrauded the deserving veterans. The Record is for Civil Service when Civil Service protects its kind, and no longer.

ASSUMING to be true all that has been said about the vicious and undesirable elements in the Hawaiian population, yet the total gain not be so great as that in any of our large cities, like New York or Chicago, nor can it be so great as that which we annually receive in the way of ordinary immigration. Moreover, these bad people are all in sight, where they can be easily controlled, as the present Government of Hawaii has abundantly shown. Moreover still, there is not the slightest need of taking these directly into the bosom of the body politic. We should follow England's example, and give them just such a Government as suits them.



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## CHAPTER V.

## Lining Up on the Banks of Stone River.

"Rain again to-day," said Shorty, disgustedly, as on the morning of Dec. 30, 1862, he crawled out of the shelter which he and Si had constructed by laying a pole in the croches of two young cedars, and stretching their ponchos and pup-tents over it. "Dog-gone it if I don't believe Tennessee was left open in the flood, and they've been tryin' to make up for it ever since. I declare, I want the flood at once, and be done with it, for



then I'd join the navy, instead of paddlin' round in this dirty gully that they call mud."

"Never saw such a grumbler, Shorty," said Si cheerily, as he punched the soaked embers together to start a blaze to boil their coffee. "Last summer the dust and dry weather didn't suit you. Do you want to do your paddlin' in heaven?"

"Hurry up with your grub, boys," said the Orderly-Sergeant, who came spluttering through the mud of leaves and mud into which the camping-ground had been trampled. "The regiment's to move in 15 minutes. The 200th Ind. guards' wagons to-day. Yesterday when the Cavalry got in among our wagons and raised thunder—burnt about a mile of 'em."

Shorty grumbled: "That means a tough day's work pryin' wagons out of the mud, and restin' ourselves between times runnin' a lot of skippin' around in the mud. It's as easy as ketch as a half-bushel of fleas. Anything I hate it's rebel cavalry—all tear-and-yell, and when you get ready to shoot they're on the other side of the hill."

"Well," said Si, removing a slab of sizzling fat pork from the end of his rammer, laying it on his hardback, and taking a generous bite, "we musn't allow them to take no wagons away from the 200th Ind., slob around as they may. We want all that grub ourselves."

"Well, hump yourself," said the Orderly-Sergeant, as he spat out: "fall in promptly when the assembly blows. Got plenty of cartridges?"

Two or three hours later every man in the 200th Ind., wet to the skin, and with enough mud on him to be asseable as real estate, was in a temper to have "sessed" his gentle old grandmother and whipped his best friend. He believed that if there was anything under heaven meaner than Tennessee weather it was an army mule; the teamsters had even less sense and more contrariness than the mules; the army wagon was a disheartening device of the devil, and Tennessee roads had been especially contrived by Jeff Davis to break the hearts of Union soldiers.

The rain came down with a steady pelt that drove right through to the body. The wagon wheels sunk into every hole and made mud in a temper to have "sessed" his gentle old grandmother and whipped his best friend. He believed that if there was anything under heaven meaner than Tennessee weather it was an army mule; the teamsters had even less sense and more contrariness than the mules; the army wagon was a disheartening device of the devil, and Tennessee roads had been especially contrived by Jeff Davis to break the hearts of Union soldiers.

The train had strung out over a mile or more of rocky ledges and abysses of mire. Around each wagon was a squad who felt deeply injured by the certainty that their infernal luck had given them the heaviest wagon, the worst mules, and the most exasperating driver in the whole division.

"I couldn't 've made a dog-gone fool than that teamster," said Shorty, laying down his rammer for a minute's rest, "if I'd 'a' had Thompson's Colt before my eyes for a pattern. That feller was born added, on Friday, in the dark of the moon."

"Them mules," dolefully corroborated Si, scrapping an acre, more or less, of red Tennessee soil from his overcoat with a stick, "need to be broke again—with a saw-log. Lucky for old Job that the devil didn't think o' settin' him to drive mules. He'd 'a' bin a-goner in less'n an hour."

"Dog-gone it, there they come," said Shorty, catching up his gun.

Si looked in the direction of Shorty's glance. Out of the cedars, a mile or more away, burst a regiment of rebel cavalry, riding straight for the front of the train.

With his tribe's keen apprehension of danger, the teamster had jumped from his saddle, nervously unhitched his mule, and sprung into the saddle again, ready for instant flight.

"Get off and hook that mule up again," commanded Si sternly. "Now get on your

mule and go to the head of your team, take the leaders by the bridle and stay there. You ain't standin' there holdin' your mules when we come back I'll break your worthless neck."

The bugle sounded "Rally on the Right Flank," and Si and Shorty joined the others in a lumbering rush over the miry fields toward the right. Their soaked clothes hung about them like lead. They had not a spoonful of breath left when they got to where, half-a-mile away, Co. A had taken a position in the briars behind a rail fence, and had opened a long-ranged fire on the cavalry, which was manœvering as if trying to discover a way to take the company in flank. Another fence ran at right angles away to the right of Co. A's position. The cavalry started for that.

"Capt. Dawson," shouted the Colonel, "take your company back to that fence as quick as you can, run along back of it, and try to keep those fellows on the other side."

Away the panting company rushed for the fence. The field was overgrown with those pests of the Southern plowman, called devil's shoes, which stretch from furrow-ridge to furrow-ridge, and are snares to any careless walker. The excited Indians were constantly tripping on these, and fell headlong in the mud. Down Si and Shorty went several times, to the great damage of their tempers. But in spite of all-rain, mud, lack of breath and devil's shoe-strings, the company got to the fence in advance of the cavalry, and opened a scattering fire as each man could get his damp gun to go off. Si and Shorty ran back a little to a hillock from which they could get long-distance shots on the cavalry would probably try to tear down the fence.

"It's all of 600 yards, Si," said Shorty, as he leaned against a young oak, got his breath back in long gulps, and studied the ground. "We kin make it, though, with our Springfield, if they'll give us time to cool down and get our breath. I declare, I want a whole Township of fresh air every second. That last time I fell knocked enough breath out o' me to fill a balloon."

"There, they're sendin' out a squad now to go for the fence," said Si, putting his sight up to 600 yards. "I'll line on that little persimmon tree and shoot as they pass it. I'll take the fellow on the claybank horse, who seems to be an officer. You take the next one on the spotted bay."

"Better shoot at the boss," said Shorty, fixing his sight. "Bigger mark; and if you git the boss you git the man."

The squad made a rush for the fence, but as the leader crossed the line Si had drawn on the persimmon tree through his sights, his musket cracked and the horse reared and fell in the mud. Shorty looked the shoulder of the next horse, and the rider had to jump off.

"Bully shots, boys. Do it again," shouted the Captain of Co. Q, hurrying some men farther to the right, to concentrate a fire upon the exposed point.

Si and Shorty hastily reloaded, and fired again at the rebels, who had pressed on toward the fence, in spite of the fall of their leader. But not having at the moment an object in line to sight on, Si and Shorty did not succeed in bringing anybody down. But as they looked to see the officer who had fallen, a cannon-blast from a hill away off behind the cavalry, and the same instant its rifle shot took the top of the young oak about six feet above Si's head.

Shorty was the first to recover his wits and tongue. "Dog-gone if somebody else hasn't been drawin' a bead on trees," he said, looking into Si's startled face. "Knows how to shoot, too."

"I didn't notice that measly gun come up there. Did you, Shorty?" said Si, trying to get his heart back out of his mouth, so that he could speak plainly.

"No," said Shorty, "but it's there all the same, and the feller with it have blood in their eyes. Let's run over to where the other boys are. I'm a private citizen. I don't like so much public notice."

They joined the squad which was driving back the rebels who had started out to break the fence.

Presently the cavalry wheeled about and disappeared in the woods. The rear was scarcely out of sight, and the 200th Ind. was just beginning to feel a sense of relief, when there was a spatter of shots and a chorus of yells away off to the extreme left. "Just as I expected," grumbled Shorty. "They are jumping the rear of the train now."

Leaving Co. A to watch the head of the train the rest of the regiment bolted off on the double-quick for the rear. They did not get there, however, for the rear was not enough, in fact. As they came over the crest of the hill they saw Co. B, which had been with the rear, having more than it could attend to with a horde of yelling, galloping rebels, who filled the little valley. Co. B's boys were standing up manfully to their work, and popping away at the rebels from behind fences and rocks, but the latter had already gotten away from them a wagon which had been far to the rear, had cut loose the mules and run them off, and were plundering the wagon, and trying to start a fire under it.

The fusillade which the regiment opened as the men gained the crest of the hill, put a different complexion on the affair. The rebels recognized the force of circumstances, and speedily rode back out of range, and then out of sight. As the last of them disappeared over the hill the nearest regiment dropped down all around to rest.

"We can't rest long, boys," said the sympathetic Colonel. "We've got to start these wagons along."

Presently he gave the order: "Go back to your wagons, now, and get them out as quick as you can."

Si and Shorty took a circuit to the left to get on some soil which had not been trampled into mortar. They heard a volley of profanity coming from a cedar brake still farther to the left, and recognized the voice of the teamster. They went thither, and found their man, who had fled from the scene, after the manner of his race, at the first sound of the firing, but had been too scared to fasten up his traces when he unhitched his saddle-mule. These had flapped around, as he urged his steed forward, and the books had caught so firmly into the cedars when he plunged into the thicket that he was having a desperate time getting them loose.

"You dumber, measly coward," said Si; "I told you I'd blow your head off you yidin' n't stay by them mules. I ought to do it."

"Don't, Si," said Shorty. "He deserves it, and we kin do it some other time. But we need him now in our business. He hasn't much of a head, but it's all that he's got,

and he can't drive without it. Let's git the mule loose first, and then stay there. They got the mule out and turned him around toward the wagons."

"Now," said Shorty, addressing the teamster, "git back to that wagon as fast you kin go, if you don't want me to run this bayonet through you."

There was more straining and prying in the dreary rain and fathomless mud to get the wagons started.

"Shorty," said Si, as they plodded alongside the road, with a rail on one shoulder and a gun on the other, "I really believe that this is the toughest day we've had yet. What'd you s'pose father and mother'd say if they could see us?"

"They'd probably say we wuz earnin' our \$13 a month, with \$100 bounty at the end of three years," snapped Shorty, who was in no mood for irrelevant conversations about the future.

So the long, arduous day went. When they were not pulling, pushing, prying, and yelling, to get the wagons out of mud-holes, they were rushing over the clogging, plowed fields to stand off the nagging rebel cavalry, which seemed to fill the country as full as the rain, the mud, the rocks and the weeping cedars did. As night drew on they came up to lines of fires where the different divisions were going into line-of-battle along the banks of Stone River. The mud became deeper than ever, and the trampling of tens of thousands of men and animals, but they at least did not have the aggravating rebel cavalry to bother them. They found their division at last in an old cottonfield, and were instantly surrounded by a crowd of hungry, angry, negroes.

"Where in blazes have you fellows bin all day?" they shouted. "You ought to've got up here hours ago. We're about starved."

"Go to thunder, you ungrateful whelps," said Si. "You kin git your own wagons up after this. I'll never help guard another wagon-train again as I'm in the army."

(To be continued.)

## PERSONAL.

Comrade C. E. McNeal, Co. A, 7th Iowa, has been appointed Postmaster of Lebanon, Kan., through the influence of Senator Lucien Baker and Judge A. H. Ellis. Comrade McNeal saw nearly four years' service in the West, ending with the March to the Sea, through the Carolinas, and the Grand Review. He was for three years Mayor of Lebanon, and for nearly 20 years manager of the Chicago Lumber and Coal Co.'s business for Gaylord and Lebanon.

The statue of Gen. John A. Logan, which is to be set up in Iowa Circle, Washington, D. C., was cast at Rome last Monday, in the presence of Gen. W. Draper, Minister to Italy, and other distinguished spectators.

Comrade A. H. Barnes, of the Leavenworth Soldiers' Home, who served in the 64th Ind., and the Mississippi River flotilla, got in an argument last Fall as to the staying powers of the old veterans. Finally the matter took the shape of a bet of a piece of real estate that he could not walk clear to Washington, and make an average of 20 miles a day. The preliminaries were ratified, and on Oct. 5 he started from the Home. He stopped at every railroad station that he passed, and had the time of his arrival entered upon a little black book by the agent. He wore his Soldiers' Home uniform, and was greeted and entertained by the comrades along the way. He was detained eight days by rain, and lost five and a half by visiting, but in spite of this he arrived in Washington on time—Dec. 10, 9:50 a. m. He averaged over 30 miles a day, even counting in the thirteen and a half days that he lost, and was in excellent condition when he arrived after his fifty-one and a half days walking, through all sorts of weather, in an unfavorable season of the year.

## MUSTERED OUT.

PAGE.—At St. Charles, Minn., Learius Durt Page, Co. B, 104th Ohio, aged 65. Comrade Page was born in Connecticut. He enlisted in Co. B, U. S. M'd Rifles, in 1861, and served five years. At the breaking out of the war he entered the 104th Ohio, and remained with that regiment until discharged in June, 1865. He leaves a widow.

ROSENBAUM.—At Waupun, Wis., aged 67. Comrade Rosenbaum was born in Nebraska about 21 years ago, and was a member of the 104th Ohio. He was discharged in June, 1865. He leaves a widow and six children survive him.

SMITH.—At Providence, R. I., Nov. 16, Calvin C. Smith, Co. A, 28th Mass., aged 66. Comrade Smith was born in Massachusetts, and served in the 28th Mass. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and held important offices in several secret societies. He leaves a widow, four daughters and one son.

DELONG.—At New Dennison, O., O. J. Delong, Co. E, 161st Ohio, and a member of the 161st Ohio, G. A. R. He was buried by members of the Post, P. 22.

BEFFINGTON.—At Erie, Pa., O. J. Beffington, Co. K, 98th Ohio. Comrade Beffington was a member of the 98th Ohio, and served in the 98th Ohio. He was discharged in June, 1865. He leaves a widow and one daughter survive him.

DUBRAY.—At Saranac, N. Y., William D. Dubray, Co. C, 1st N. Y., and a member of J. S. Stone Post 352.

THURLEY.—At Marquette, Mich., Alfred Thurley, Sergeant, Co. B, 2d Mich., aged 57. Comrade Thurley was born in England. He enlisted in the 2d Mich. in 1861, and served until May, 1864. He was a member of the 2d Mich. Post, 243, 3rd St. Mar. Mich. A widow and one daughter survive him.

CHAPMAN.—At Burlington,